

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1885.

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EULOGY ON GEN. GRANT

DELIVERED BY HENRY WARD BEECHER IN TREMONT TEMPLE.

"Another Name is Added to the Roll of Those Who on the World Will Not Willingly Let Die"—Beautiful Words Grandly Spoken—National eulogy.

Boston, Oct. 23.—Beneath the kindly tempered rays of a mellow sun thousands of Bostonians thronged to the Grant memorial exercises at Tremont temple under the auspices of the city government. At 2 o'clock prayer was offered by Rev. B. F. Hamlin and an ode by Julia Ward Howe was sung by the choir. A poem by Louis Guiney was read by Professor James T. Brown, of Tufts college. The motto, "Gone Through the Shadows," was rendered by a choir of women's voices. Mayor O'Brien at this point, in a brief speech, presented the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as the eulogist of the day. Mr. Beecher was received with generous applause.

"Another name is added to the roll of those whom the world will not willingly let die. A few years since the storm-laden clouds filled his heaven, and obsequy, slander and bitter lies rained down upon him. The clouds are all blown away; under a serene sky he laid down his life and the nation wept. The path to his tomb is worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims. The mildewed lips of slander are silent, and even criticism hesitates lest some incautious words should mar the history of the modest, gentle, magnanimous warrior. The whole nation watched his passage through humiliation and misfortune with unfeigned sympathy; the whole world sighed when his life ended. At his burial the unsworded hands of those whom he had fought lifted his bier and bore him to his tomb with love and reverence.

"Grant made no claim to sainthood. He was a man of like passions and with as marked limitations as other men. Nothing could be more distasteful to his honest, modest soul while living and nothing more unbecoming to his memory than lying exaggerations and fulsome flatteries. Men without faults are apt to be men without force. A round diamond has no brilliancy. Lights and shadows, hills and valleys give beauty to the landscape.

"The faults of great and generous natures often over-ripe goodness, or the shadows which their virtues cast. Three elements enter into the career of a great citizen, that which his ancestry gives; that which opportunity gives; that which his will develops. Grant came from a sturdy New England stock. New England derived it from Scotland. Scotland bred it at a time when Covenanters and Puritans were made—men of iron consciences, hammered out upon the anvil of adversity.

"From New England the stream flowed to Ohio, where it enriched the soil till it brought forth abundant harvest of great men. When it was Grant's time to be born he came forth without celestial portents and his youth had in it no prophesy of his manhood. His boyhood was wholesome, robust, with a vigorous frame; with a heart susceptible of tender love, yet it was not so. He was patient and persistent. He loved horses, and could master them. That is a good sign. Grant had no art of creating circumstances; opportunity must seek him, or else he would plod through life without disclosing the gifts which God hid in him. The gold in the hills cannot disclose itself. It must be sought and dug.

"Sharp and wiry politicians, for some reasons of providence, performed a generous deed in sending young Grant to West Point. He finished his course there distinguished as a skillful and old rider with an inclination to mathematics but with little taste for the theory and literature of war, but with sympathy for its external and material developments. In boyhood and youth he was marked by simplicity, candor, veracity and silence. After leaving the academy he saw service in Mexico and afterward in California, but without conspicuous results.

"Then came a clouded period, a sad life of irresolute vibration between self-indulgence and aspiration. Through intemperance he resigned from the army, and at that time one would have feared that his life would end in eclipse. It was later in his life that Grant destroyed the enemy that 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' At length he struck at the root of the matter. Others agree not to drink, which is good. Grant overcame the wish to drink, which is better. But the cloud overhung his reputation for many years and threatened his ascendancy when better days came. Of all his victories many and great this was the greatest that he conquered himself.

"His will was stronger than his passions. He was a good subalter, a poor farmer, a worse tanner, a worthless trafficker. Without civil experience, without literary gifts, too diffident to be ambitious, too modest to put himself forward, too honest to be a politician, he was of all men the least likely to attain eminence, and absolutely unfitted, apparently, for pre-eminence, yet God's providence selected him. Ordained was Grant with the ointment of war, black and sulphurous. His opportunity was coming.

"Already the clouds afar off were gathering. He saw them not. No figures were near future. The insulted flag; the garments rolled in blood; a million men in arms; the sulphurous smoke of battle; gory heaps upon desperate battlefields; an army of slowly moving, crippled barons; graveyards as populous as cities; they were all in the clouded horizon, though he saw them not.

"Let us look upon the scene. This continent lay waiting for ages for the seed of civilization. At length a sower came forth to sow. While he sowed the good seed of liberty and christian civilization an enemy darkling, sowed tares. They sprang up and grew together. The constitution cradled both slavery and liberty. While yet unknown they dwelt together in peace. They snarled in youth, quarreled when half grown and fought when of full age. The final catastrophe was inevitable. The south like a queenly beauty, grew imperious and exacting; the north like an obsequious squire knelt at her feet to receive contempt and mockery.

"Both parties, Whig and Democrat, drank of the cup of her sorcery. It killed the

Whig party. The Democrat was tougher and was only besotted. If a wise moderation had possessed the south, if they had met the north, if they had met the just scruples of honest men, who hating slavery dreaded the dishonor of breaking the compact of the constitution, the south might have held control for another hundred years. It was not to be. God sent a strong delusion upon them. They were seeking to meditate volcanoes and stop earthquakes by administering political quinine.

"The wise statesmen were bewildered and politicians were juggling fools. The south had builded herself upon the rock of slavery. It lay in the very channels of civilization like some Flood Reels lying sullen off Hell Gate. The tides of controversy rushed upon it and split into eddies and swirling pools bringing violence and disaster. The rock would not move. It must be removed. It was the south itself that furnished the engines. Arrogance in counsel sank the shaft, violence chambered the subterranean passages and insatiation loaded them with missiles. All was secure. The hand that fired upon Sumpter exploded the mine and tore the fortress to atoms. For one moment the waters rocked with wild confusion then the way of civilization was opened. The south fought for slavery and independence. The north fought for union, and for political success after the war.

"Thus for two years not unmarked by great deeds the war lingered. Lincoln, sad and sorrowful, felt the moderation of his generals and longed for a man of iron mold who had but two words in his military vocabulary—victory and annihilation. He was coming; he was heard from Henry and Donelson. Three great names were rising—Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and larger than either, Grant. Thus at length Grant was really born. He had lain in the nest for so long as an infertile egg. The brooding of war hatched the egg and an eagle came forth.

"It is impossible to reach the full measure of Grant's military genius until we survey the greatness of this most extraordinary war of modern days, or it may be said of any age. Into this sulphurous storm of war Grant entered almost unknown. It was with difficulty that he could obtain a command. Once set forward, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Peersburg, Appomattox, these were his first steps. In four years he had risen without political favor from the bottom to the very highest command—not second to any living commander in all the world. His plans were large, his undisciplined will but patient to obliquity. He was not fighting for reputation nor for the display of generalship nor for a future presidency. He had but one motive and that as intense as life itself—the subjugation of the rebellion and the restoration of the broken union.

"He embodied the feelings of the common people. He was their perfect representative. The war was waged for the maintenance of the union, the suppression of armed resistance, and at length for the eradication of slavery. He never wavered, turned aside or dallied. He waded through blood to the horses' bridles. In all this career he never lost courage or equanimity with a million men, for whose movements he was responsible, he yet carried a tranquil mind, neither depressed by disasters or elated by success.

"Gentle of heart, familiar with all, never boasting, always modest, Grant came of the old self-contained stock, men of force of being, which allied his genius to the elemental forces of nature, silent, invisible, irresistible. When his work was done and the defeat of the Confederate armies was final this dreadful man of blood was as tender toward his late adversaries as a woman toward her son. He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, sent home the disarmed southern men with food and with horses for working their crops, and when a revengeful spirit in the executive chair snarled itself and threatened the chief southern general Grant, with a holy indignation, interposed himself and compelled his superior officer to relinquish his rash purpose.

"There have been men—there are yet, for stupidity is long-lived—who regard Grant as only a man of luck. Surely he was. It is not luck through such as an ancestry to have conferred upon him such a body, such a disposition, such greatness of soul, such unalloyed patriotism, such military genius, and such an indomitable will. For four years and more this man performed every function of strategy in grand war, which Jonni attributes to Napoleon and Napier to Wellington.

"Whether Grant could have conducted a successful retreat will never be known. He was never defeated. Grant has been severely criticized for the waste of life. War is not created for the purpose of saving life, but by a noble spending of blood to save the commonwealth. The great end which he achieved could have been cheaply gained at double the expense.

"When Grant came to the army of the Potomac he reversed the methods of all who preceded him. Brave soldiers never were valiant commanders, but other generals had not learned the art of fighting with deadly intent. Peace is very good for peace, but war is organized rage. It means destruction or it means nothing. At the battle of the Wilderness Grant stripped his commissary main of its guards to fill a gap in the line of battle. When expostulated with for exposing his army to the loss of all its provisions, his reply was: "When this army is whipped it will not want any provisions." All summer, all the autumn, all the winter, all the spring and early summer again he hammered Lee with blow on blow until at Appomattox, the great but not greatest southern general went to the ground.

"Grant was a great fighter, but not a fighter only. His mind took in the whole field of war—as wide and complex as any that ever Napoleon knew. He combined in his plans the operations of three armies and for the first time in the war the whole of the union forces were acting in concert. The fame of his generals was as dear to him as his own.

"When Lincoln was dead, Vice President Johnson became president; a man well fitted for carrying on a fight, but not skilled in peace, with a morbid sense of justice he determined that the leaders of rebellion should be made to suffer as examples, as if the death of all the first born, the desolation of

every southern home, the impoverished condition and bankruptcy of every citizen were not example enough.

"He ordered Lee to be arrested. Grant refused. When Johnson would have employed the army to effect his purposes, Grant with quick but noble rebellion, refused obedience to his superior and arranging to take from his hands all military control, repressed the president's wild temper and savage purpose of dishonoring justice. Having brought the long and disastrous war to a close in his own heart, Grant could have chosen to have rested upon his laurels and lived a retired military life. It was not to be permitted. He was called to the presidency by universal acclaim and it fell to him to conduct a campaign of reconstruction even more burdensome than the war.

"It would seem impossible to combine in one man eminent civil and military genius. To a certain extent they have elements in common. But the predominant element in war is organized force; of civil government, influence. Statesmanship is less brilliant than generalship, but requires a different and a higher moral and intellectual genius. God is frugal in creating great men—men great enough to hold in eminence the elements of a great general and of a great ruler.

Washington was eminent in statesmanship, but then he was not a great general. At any rate, he had no opportunity to develop the fact. In the readjustment of the political relation of the south Grant was wise, generous, magnanimous in his career. A man, he without vices, with an absolute hatred of lies and an ineradicable love of truth, of perfect loyalty to friendship, neither envious of others nor selfish for himself. With a zeal for the public good unforgotten, he has left to memory only such weaknesses as connect him with humanity and such virtues as will rank him among heroes. For the hour sympathy rolled as a wave over all our land. It closed the last sorrow of war; it extinguished the last prejudice; it effaced the last vestige of hatred, and cursed be the hand that shall bring them back.

"Johnson and Buckner on one side Sherman and Sheridan on the other of his bier, he has come to his tomb a silent symbol that liberty had conquered slavery, patriotism rebellion, and peace war. He rests in peace. No drum or cannon shall disturb his rest. Sleep, hero, until another trumpet shall shake the heavens and the earth. Then come forth to glory in immortality."

At the close of the oration the American song by Minott J. Savage was rendered, the exercises were closed by the benediction.

"MOONSHINERS."

The Wholesale Trial and Sentencing of the Numerous Offenders.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 23.—During the past three days the custom house has been crowded with about five hundred "moonshiners" awaiting trial and about the same number of witnesses. Some of them have brought their supplies from home, while others stand in groups and talk over their misfortunes. They have a common interest and as soon as one of their number is sentenced to jail he has kindly greetings and cheering words from his companions. More than one hundred of them have already been fined and sentenced to from one to six months in jail. Many of them have pleaded piteously to be released from imprisonment, asserting that as they are poor people their families must suffer for bread and clothing during the cold winter months.

But while Judge Key was disposed to be lenient with them, he cannot forget that within two months four United States deputy marshals have been assassinated while serving warrants upon violators of revenue laws. The Nashville jail will not be large enough to accommodate all those that will be sentenced at this term of court, and jails in surrounding towns will have to be utilized.

REIL WILL HANG.

Refusals of the Court in the Case—An Earnest Plea—Substantial Justice.

New York, Oct. 23.—The Herald, London correspondent, says: "I have just learned that the law committee of the privy council, who heard Louis Riel's appeal, will reach the decision, affirming his conviction, holding that the Canadian court of the first instance had jurisdiction of treason; that the six men on the jury was sufficient; that short hand notes were lawful report of the proceedings, and that substantial justice had been done to Riel."

"The lord chancellor and three other new peers represented the majority on the law committee. Mr. Frances Henry Jenne, the prisoner's English counsel, stated the prisoner's side of the case to the committee and made a long argument on behalf of his client. After hearing Riel's counsel the judge thought it was not necessary to hear the other side of the case."

SEVEN KILLED.

A Bursting Boiler Throws Men Seven or Five Feet and Strips Them.

RIDGEVILLE, S. C., Oct. 23.—Seven persons have died from the explosion of the boiler in the steam sawmill of J. A. Quackenbush. The explosion was occasioned by firing with heavy, fat light wood butts, causing steam to generate faster than the safety valve would relieve it.

The killed are Charles McElvanry, Josiah Griffith, John Enoch, J. L. McAlhany, Joseph Balver, Wesley Williams, Richard Griffith. Pieces of the boiler, weighing several hundred pounds, were thrown 300 yards.

The dome has not been found. Pieces of machinery were thrown in every direction. The men were thrown from fifty to seventy-five yards, and were stripped of every vestige of clothing. Even their shoes were blown from their feet.

[Tid-Bits.]

One way to prepare onion flavoring for a vegetable soup is to take a large onion, remove the outer skin, then stick cloves into the onion and bake it until it is nicely browned. The peculiar flavor thus gained is relished by the epicure.

Silver Jewelry.

The silver filigree jewelry is exquisite in design and workmanship, but too easily affected by the atmosphere, and requires to be boiled in acid to render it clean.

DENMARK'S GRIEVANCE

THE STORY OF A QUARREL BETWEEN KING AND PEOPLE.

The Cause of the Trouble, the Voice of the Nation and the Arming of the Populace Checked by Royal Decree—Riel's Petition Denied—Foreign News.

COPENHAGEN, Oct. 23.—The long continued arbitrary policy of King Christian IX. in declining to dismiss the Estrup cabinet in compliance with the temper of the rigsdag, and in levying taxes alleged to be unconstitutional because of the refusal of parliament to vote the budget, seems about to culminate in grave troubles. A number of serious riots and imposing demonstrations against the king and the Estrup ministry have occurred already in this city.

The people seem determined that their representatives in parliament shall have some voice in the affairs of the government. They have become so threatening in their demands that the king has ordered the garrison of Copenhagen to be largely reinforced. These popular manifestations are not confined to Copenhagen, but are generally throughout Denmark. It is expected that a state of siege will be declared, and it is feared that a revolution will ensue if the king persists in withholding the concessions demanded by the rigsdag. A number of political arrests have been made and have tended to excite the people further. The popular feeling has become so angry that the shedding of blood is possible at any moment.

The trouble between the Danish government and people is of thirteen years' standing, during which time the lower house, the folkething, has vainly persisted in its demand for the removal of the unpopular Estrup cabinet. Its attempts to coerce the government by refusing to vote supplies were boldly met; the king authorized the levy of taxes by royal decree and dissolved the rigsdag with a reprimand. This has since been done repeatedly, but each time a larger Radical majority has been returned to the lower house. In the popular branch of the rigsdag, which met this month at Copenhagen, there are now scarce half a dozen supporters of the government. The upper house has remained loyal to the king.

The methods of the government in the struggle have given rise to an emphatic demand on the part of the opposition for a resumption of the parliamentary system. This demand is resisted by the crown by every means in its power. This is now the issue. During the last year the situation has been growing daily more grave, and it has become clear that the government must either yield or face a popular revolution. Everywhere the opposition left is in great numerical majority. The wealth, the aristocracy and the bureaucracy of the country side with the government. Many citizens have of late refused to pay the provisional taxes levied by the government as illegal, and have resisted the authorities in their attempt to collect them by force.

A recent movement of the opposition toward arming the people was checked by a royal decree, denying to citizens their constitutional right to bear arms, and the sale of rifles was forbidden, except to persons having license from the police. Meanwhile the loyal right bought Krupp guns for the government. Matters culminated a few weeks ago in the arrest of M. Berg, the opposition leader and the president of the folkething, for pushing the chief of police at Holstebro, a town in Jutland, from the platform whence M. Berg was addressing his constituents. The courts have sentenced the president to imprisonment for six months for assault. At this the rage of the people knew no bounds. There is every reason to fear a fatal outbreak unless the government yields.

Prince Waldemar's Marriage.

PARIS, Oct. 23.—The civil marriage of Prince Waldemar and the Princess Marie took place at the Mairie of the Eighth Arrondissement and was very interesting. Mayor Koehlin made an address so full of admiring sentiments for the prince as to cause offense to many Republicans.

Bishoprazier Dead.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—The Right Rev. James Frazier, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, has died suddenly. He was born at Prestbury near Cheltenham in 1818. He was selected in 1870 by Mr. Gladstone to succeed the late Dr. Prince Lee in the bishopric of Manchester.

Riel Will Hang.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—The privy council rendered its decision in the appeal case of Louis Riel, dismissing the petition of the condemned man requesting a commutation of the death sentence passed by the Canadian authorities.

A BOY MURDERER.

A Young Negro Kills His Sister Because She Chastised Him.

MARION, Ala., Oct. 23.—The town is excited over a cold-blooded murder committed here by a fourteen-year-old negro boy. Henry Huntley is the boy's name, and his victim was his sister, twenty years old. A few days ago she chastised him for some misconduct and he vowed he would kill her.

He got a shotgun and took a stand where she would have to pass, and when she came in sight he shot her in the abdomen, killing her almost instantly. He then put the gun down, stepped up, looked at her, and, finding her dead, walked leisurely away. There were several witnesses, but they were so stunned by the sight that they did not offer to detain him. He was pursued later, however, caught, brought back and placed in jail.

Death of a Noted Divine.

SANDWICH, Mass., Oct. 23.—The Rev. Dr. Samuel W. Cogshall, a prominent Methodist divine, died at Pocomasset at the age of seventy-eight. Joining the New England conference in 1832, he was first located at Needham. He joined the New England Southern conference in 1841 and was once superannuated. More recently he located at Barnstable, Yarmouth, Pocomasset and Cottage City. He leaves a widow and a married daughter.